

J. B. & Sons

THE LADY'S
OR,
WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE
VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XV.]

Saturday, September 19. 1812

[No 22.

DOMESTIC MISERY ;
OR THE
VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

Poor Maria Allanby was the only child of a respectable tradesman in one of our trading towns, whose affection for his daughter had induced him to form no second connexion since the death of his wife, which took place when she was very young. The fond father found his anxieties and parental attentions repaid by the love and filial qualities of his Maria. Although he was not rich, he was in such easy circumstances as to bestow an excellent education on her, and to lay up a portion yearly for her support. Every one admired the mutual interest they felt in each other's happiness, and thus they were objects of esteem as well as envy. The beauty of Maria's person kept pace with her sterling sense of mind, and sweetness of disposition ; hence she seldom formed an acquaintance without securing a friend.— Maria had often innocently said, that she wished for no other love than that of her father, and that for his sake she would live unmarried ; but this was before an

officer of the guards came to recruit in the town where she resided — This gentleman's name was Talbot ; he possessed a fascinating person, and the most insinuating address ; the woman he had betrayed forgot her injuries in his presence, and the hungry creditor was willing to forego even his just demand. His fine talents were directed to these sordid purposes, and his knowledge of the human heart laid open to him every leading foible. Maria, that she was possessed of a keen penetration into the designs and characters of others, when she scarcely knew what formed her own. Talbot was not tardy in taking the advantage of this weakness in his intended victim, and he artfully seemed to lay open to her all his faults, while he was making himself accurately acquainted with her's.— The strong attachment which he excited in the mind of Maria was a consequence of that exclusive attention he paid to her, which so many other fashionable females sighed for :— his talents and apparent virtues called forth her esteem, and his high birth and expectations made him an object in every respect unexceptionable.

While Talbot proceeded to steal away the heart of the daughter, he contrived to make himself as much disliked by the father as possible. Yet his management was so artful that Allanby could not give a sufficient reason for his dislike, and for the first time in her life Maria thought her father unjust and capricious. Thus, while Talbot insured an acceptance of his addresses from Maria, he at the same time effected a rejection of them from her father, and this was the object of his wishes, as he knew that marrying Maria would disappoint his own views, and bring on him the displeasure of his father. At length Talbot requested Allanby's consent to their union which the latter declined, and he left him, secretly exulting in the power he possessed o'er the heart of Maria, who learned with astonishment that his suit had been rejected. Allanby soon after found his daughter in tears, and tenderly represented the difficulties and privations to which an officers wife must be exposed, and added that it was impossible she could ever think of giving her hand to one whose father would not sanction the marriage. Maria shook her head, and her tears began to fall. He then assured her, that he was certain her happiness depended upon refusing him, but, if she found after time and absence had been tried, she could not conquer her unhappy passion, he would consent, provided Mr. Talbot's father did the same, and in

the mean time relied upon her honor that she would not become clandestinely the wife of any man. Maria protested that she would acquiesce in her fathers determination, and he even requested her to promise that she would not see Talbot any more if she could avoid it; but Maria rejected this, as a supposition that she was in danger of being seduced into a violation of her duty.

The next day Talbot did not go to the house, but watched the door till Maria came out, and then, having joined her, learned all the conversation which had passed; this he interpreted as a denial to her ever marrying the man of her choice, and advised an immediate flight with him to Scotland.—Maria heard this proposal with disdain: but, alas! her resolution grew weaker as she became more familiar to his arguments in the preceding interviews. As her passion for Talbot increased, the unkindness of her parent rose more strongly to view, till at last her judgment became the dupe of her wishes and, yielding to the persuasions of the villain, she set off with him to Scotland. When Allanby heard of her flight, he sat for hours absorbed in dumb anguish, pitying his child and execrating her betrayer.—When Maria and Talbot had moved 100 miles on the road to Gretna Green and were changing horses, the latter suddenly started, and with a look of consternation exclaimed,

that he had brought with him the wrong pocket book, and had not money enough to proceed a hundred miles further. Maria who had before been assured from her skill in physiognomy and characters, that Talbot was all that was ingenuous and honorable, had no suspicion that this was a trick to get her into the power of the designing libertine.—Without one scruple she acceded to the plan Talbot proposed, and they set forward to London, where they were driven to a hotel in the Adelphi, whence he went to seek lodgings, and hired some at the west end of the town, whither he conducted the half-repenting and pensive Maria. Here she learned that she was to remain till the bans of marriage could be published, for, not being of age, a license could not be procured. Maria felt exceedingly chagrined, for she thought she could have been married on the morrow, and she submitted in mournful silence to the delay. It will be needless to follow Maria thro' the embarrassments, temptations, and struggles, which preceded her undoing.—Before the expiration of a month, Talbot had triumphed over the virtue of Maria, soon after which he received orders to join his regiment, as it was going on immediate service. He promised before he embarked to return and make her his wife, but the first letter she received said he was under sailing orders, and to see her again before the embarkation was impossible.

Language can ill describe the situation of Maria on the receipt of this letter. Perhaps he might never return, and she would become a mother before she was a wife!—She rolled herself on the floor in a transport of frantic anguish, and implored heaven to terminate her existence.—She turned her thoughts towards her father, but there she dared not presume to write till she could sign herself the wife of Talbot. In the mean time Maria could not exist without making some enquiries after her father's health, and to her astonishment, after having received several accounts that he had been ill, and was getting better, the last one brought her that he was married!—This stroke was a severe one; it convinced Maria that she had lost her father's affections at a time when perhaps Talbot was dead, and she was about to become a mother: yet she felt she could be reconciled to this event, if it would add to the paternal happiness her misconduct had nearly annihilated. At length the time of Maria's lying in drew near, and when it took place she was delivered of a lovely boy.

After she had been six months a mother, Talbot returned, and in the transport of seeing him safe, Maria forgot she had been anxious and unhappy. Again was the marriage day fixed, but before it came Talbot was summoned away to attend his expiring father. At the end of a month, and with the

language of art, he told her that his father's illness had been occasioned by the supposition that they were privately married, and on learning to the contrary, his father had commanded him, unless he wished to kill him, to make a solemn oath never to marry Maria Allanby without his consent. 'And did you take an oath to abandon me?' exclaimed Maria. 'I did!' replied Talbot. Maria heard no more but fell into a deep and long fainting fit. When she came to, he endeavoured to comfort her with the relaxation of his father's resolution; and thus, during six months, he kept her hopes alive. Often would she request to be led to him, and to these pathetic entreaties Talbot, who was not altogether destitute of feeling, but it was of that transient kind which never retained an impression, always returned affectionate answers.

(To be Continued.)

S E L E C T E D

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE COMBAT OF
AMADIS AND DARDAN.

[From the *Romance of Amadis of Gaul.*]

On the day of the trial the damsels rose at dawn, and told Amadis that they would go before to the town, and send him word when it was time to appear. He rode with

them to the edge of the forest, and there awaited. By this it was sunrise, and king Lisuarte, with a goodly company, went out to the field, which was between the city and the forest; and there came Dardan, well armed, and on a fair courser, leading the bridle of his lady, who was as richly adorned as she possibly could be: and thus they stopped before king Lisuarte. And Dardan said, 'sir, command that this lady have that which is her own delivered to her; or, if there be a knight to gainsay it, I am ready to combat him.'

Lisuarte then called the dame, & asked her if she was provided with a champion. She answered, 'No,' and wept; and the king greatly pitied her, for she was a virtuous lady. So Dardan entered the lists to remain there till the hour of tierce; by which time, if no champion appeared, the king was to pronounce judgment in his favour according to the custom. Then one of the damsels hastened to call Amadis, and he took his arms and told the damsels and Gandalin, that if he sped well he would return to them in the tents; and with that he rode on, on his white courser. When the king saw the knight approach, how firmly he rode; and his arms how fair they were; and his horse, how goodly a one; he marvelled who he might be, and asked the dame who was brought to trial if she knew the knight who came to defend her cause.

‘I never saw him before,’ quoth she, ‘nor know I who he is.’

By this Amadis entered the lists, and rode up to his enemy. ‘Dardan, defend your lady’s cause, as I shall maintain and acquit the promise which I made thee.’

‘And what didst thou promise?’ quoth Dardan.

‘To fight thee; and that was when thou told’st me thy name, and hadst dealt with me so villainously.’

‘I make the less account of thee now,’ said Dardan.

‘And I,’ said Amadis, ‘care less for thy words, for I am about to have vengeance.’

‘Let the dame, then,’ replied Dardan, ‘accept thee for her champion, and avenge thyself if thou canst.’

The king then came up; the dame was asked if she would admit that knight for her defender. She replied, ‘yes, and God reward him!’ Lisuarte saw that the shield of Amadis was pierced in many places, and that the rim had many sword cuts; and he said, if the knight demanded another shield he could lawfully give him one. But Amadis was in no temper for delay, for he remembered the insults he had received. They ran their course; both lances pierced through shield and armour, and shivered, but without wound-

ing. Their horses and shields met, and Dardan was thrown; but he held the reins fast, and sprang readily upon the horse again, and drew his sword; and they attacked each other so fiercely that all who beheld them were astonished. The town’s people were on the towers and on the wall, and wherever else they could see the combat; and the windows of the queen’s palace, which were above the wall, were full of dames and damsels, all marvelling at the valor of the combatants; for the fire flew from their helmets as if they were all a blaze, and plates and splinters fell on all sides from their shields and mail; and neither a whit abated of his courage. King Lisuarte had been himself in many a hard conflict, and seen many a one, but all appeared nothing to this. ‘This is the bravest combat,’ said he, ‘that ever man hath seen; and I will have the conqueror’s image placed over my palace gate, that all who are desirous to gain honor may behold it.’

But before the hour of tierce it was evident that Dardan’s force failed; though Amadis was nothing abated of his strength, only his horse was faint, and Dardan’s also stumbled; and he, thinking to have the advantage on foot, said to Amadis, ‘knight, our horses fail us for fatigue, if we were on foot I should soon conquer thee.’ This he said so loud that the king and all with him could hear; and Amadis, somewhat ashamed as

shamed at the threat, answered, 'right, then! though a knight should never leave his horse while he can sit on it.' Then alighting, they both took what of their shields remained, and assailed each other more fiercely than before; but Amadis now pressed on him and Dardan retreated and staggered, and sometimes bent his knees, so that all the beholders said he had committed a great folly in proposing to fight on foot; and he still giving back from the sword of Amadis, came under the queen's window, and there was a cry there, 'Holy Mary, Dardan is slain!' and Araalis heard among them the voice of the damsel of Denmark. Then he looked up, and saw his lady, Oiana, at the window, and the damsel by her. That sight so overcame him, that the sword hung loose in his hand, and he continued looking up, regardless of his situation. Dardan, recovering by this respite, noticed his confusion, and took heart again; and, lifting the sword with both hands, smote him on the helmet so that it was twisted on his head. Amadis did not return the blow, he only placed his helmet right again; and with that Dardan laid on him at all parts, & he feebly defended himself; and Dardan's courage increased. Then cried the damsel of Denmark, 'in an ill manute did that knight look up and see one here who made him forget himself, when his enemy was at the point of death! Certes such a knight ought not to fail in such a time! at these words A-

madis had such shame, that willingly would he have been slain lest his lady should suspect there was any cowardice in him; and he struck a blow at Dardan that brought him down, and plucked his helmet off, and held it to his face. Dardan you are dead unless you yield the cause!'

'Mercy, knight, quoth he, 'and I yield it.'

Then the king came up; but Amadis, for the shame of what had befallen him, would make no resistance, but sprang to his horse, and rode the fastest he could into the forrest.

The mistress of Dardan, who saw him so rudely handled, came up to him now and said, 'seek, now Dardan, some other mistress, for I will neither love thee nor any other than that good knight who overcame thee!'

'What!' said Dardan, 'have I been so wounded and conquered in your quarrel, and now you forsake me for the very enemy!—Thon art a right woman to say this and I will give thee thy reward! And he took his sword, and in a moment smote her head from her body. Then after a minute's thought he cried, 'Ah, wretch! I have slain her whom I loved best in the world!' and he ran himself thro' before any one could stop his hand. In the uproar that this occasioned none thought of following Amadis; and though Dardan was so brave

a knight, yet most who were present now rejoiced at his death, for his strength had always been unjustly and tyrannically employed.

(Concluded.)

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VALLEY FORGE.

Shall we be accused of presumption in attempting to celebrate the virtues of Washington? We shall not. We may discover a want of abilities; but we must not neglect to pour forth the effusions of grateful minds because we are unable to clothe them in the most elegant expressions. Wisdom and ignorance would mingle their voices in the celebration of his actions; and every American should speak, with rapturous pride, of the hero of America. Babes should be taught to lisp the name of the saviour of their country, and the ears of infancy should be accustomed to the music of his name.

But, carried away by a pleasing subject we have forgotten the camp at Valley Forge: it was situated on the west side of Schuylkill about 25 miles from Philadelphia: Patriotism might make a pilgrimage to visit the place; and there, if we may be allowed to make use of a hackneyed but expressive quotation, should be erected a monument sacred to the

memory of 'the time that tried men's souls.'

When the Greeks had repelled the Persian power, and the blessings of peace were experienced in their land, they manifested their piety gratitude and patriotism by building temples to the gods and erecting monuments to those who had perished in battle. The question has been often asked: and we will ask it again: What temple has America constructed for the Deity? What columns of remembrance has she raised for the heroes who have perished in her cause?

The Greeks instituted sacrifices and funeral solemnities to be performed annually; in which the first fruits of their country were offered to the gods preservers of Greece, and to the souls of the heroes who had died in its defence: what yearly honors does America pay to the God of armies for his kindness? What annual offering does she present to the brave spirits of those who devoted themselves for their country?

The Greeks inscribed the names of those who fell in battle on pillars of marble: the traveller in after ages, passing over the fields of Marathon and Platæa, breathed a sigh to the memory of his fathers, and felt his own heart expand with the love of glory. When the sons of America pass over the spot where battles were fought, where freedom was purchased with blood:

does nothing remind them of the sanctity of the place? does no simple inscription speak to the heart, like a voice from a *burning bush*, saying, ‘*Put off thy shoes from off thy feet: for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground?*’

A historian having spoken of the battle of Thermopyæ, observes, ‘two structures of marble marked the place of the engagement, with inscriptions which remained many ages: and which having been recorded by Herodotus, will now probably be secured by the press against perishing while the world shall last. One was in honor of the Peloponnesians, collectively—the other commemorated the Lacedemonians who fell with their prince. — When some Greek of Peloponnesus, in succeeding times, passed by this place and read, ‘*Here four thousand men from Peloponnesus fought with three millions;*’ his heart must have swelled with patriotic pride, and his soul must have glowed in his country. Could this Peloponnesian, afterwards have acted cowardly in battle? Having read this inscription, would he have thrown away his shield, or turned his back upon his enemies? But let any man of any nation, peruse the sublime inscription on this other obelisc of marble: it is the voice from the grave, of Leonidas & his Spartans; ‘*Stranger! go tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws!*’ We repeat:

let any man of any nation read this sublime admonition, and not feel the electric shock of virtuous sensibility.

The backwardness of our nation in erecting monuments to those who trod the fields of danger in the revolutionary war, is universally reprobated. Those who speak or write on the subject, endeavour to rouse us from our apathy by dwelling on the gratitude we ought to feel for those who secured our freedom by their wisdom, or purchased our independence with their blood. This ought to be a powerful motive with virtuous minds: this alone should be sufficient to direct the energies of a humane people to the object proposed—but the enlightened and patriotic legislator should be urged forward by motives more powerful even than this. Every national work is the common property of the nation: it is a bond of union which binds the community together, and stamps the character of nation on the whole. Every erection of this kind establishes a new point of union, a new centre for the affections of the people. These works become objects of common interest, common pride, and common love to the community.

We will suppose for a moment that our government should build a magnificent temple to the Deity to the God of our fathers, who brought them out of the ‘house of

bondage : who wafted them by his winds over the boisterous waves of the ocean ; who planted them in the wilderness ; and has converted that wilderness into a land flowing with milk and honey ; who inspired them with courage to contend for their liberties : who raised up for them a deliverer : who held his shield before their Washington in the day of battle ; who gave that Washington genius to devise, and courage to carry his plans into execution : who inspired their sages in council with wisdom to frame a constitution of government : and, finally, who, from such small beginnings, has made them a great and a powerful people—Suppose the Temple already built :

On rocks of adamant, the walls ascend,
Tall columns heave, and skylike arches
bend ;
Bright o'er the golden roofs, the glit-
tering spires,
Far in the concave meet the solar fires ;
Four blazing fronts, with gates unfold-
ing high,
Look with immortal splendors round
the sky. Barlow.

This temple is filled with the choicest works of the statuary and the painter : and the verses of the poets, in golden frames, decorate the walls and are suspended from the pillars. Here we may examine the statues of Washington, Franklin, Greene, Gates, Warren, Mercer, &c. : and here we may read the history of their lives. Here their exploits are celebrated

in heroic verse : and here the Muse mourns over their death, and announces their reception among the gods.

(To be Concluded next week.)

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

*A true picture of Human weakness
in the story of M. T. and of
Knavish flattery in that of V.*

The M. T.—inherited a large fortune from his ancestors, and augmented it by a marriage with an heiress, and the revenues of several lucrative employments, which he discharged with honor and dexterity. He was at last wise enough to consider, that life was not to be devoted wholly to accumulation, and therefore resigned his employments, retired to his estate, and applied himself to the education of his children, and the cultivation of domestic happiness.

He passed several years in this pleasing amusement, and saw his care recompensed by its effects ; his daughters were celebrated for modesty and elegance, and his sons for learning, prudence and spirit. In time the eagerness, with which all the neighbouring gentlemen courted his alliance, obliged him to resign his daughters to other families : the vivacity and curiosit of his sons hurried them out of rural privacy into the open world from whence they had not very

soon an inclination to return. This however, was no more than he had always hoped : he therefore pleased himself with the success of his schemes, and felt none of the inconveniences of solitude till an apoplexy deprived him of his wife.

The M. T. had no companion, and the maladies of increasing years took from him much of the power of procuring amusement for himself he therefore thought it necessary to procure some inferior friend, who might ease him of his economical solicitudes, and divert him by cheerful conversation. He soon recollect ed all these qualities in V— a clerk in one of the offices, over which he had formerly presided, V— was therefore invited to visit his old patron, and being by his station necessarily acquainted with the present modes of life, and by constant practice dextrous in business, entertained him with so many novelties, and so readily disentangled his affairs, that his presence was thought the principal constituent of happiness, and he was desired to resign his clerkship, and accept a liberal salary in the house of M. T.

The clerk V— had always lived in a state of dependence, and was therefore well versed in all the arts by which favour is obtained, and having been long accustomed to repress all starts of resentment, and sallies of confidence could without any repugnance or hesitation accommodate himself to

every caprice, adopt every opinion, and echo every assertion. He never doubted but to be convinced nor ever attempted opposition, but to flatter the M. T— with the opinion of a victory. By this practice he made way quickly into the heart of his patron, and having first made himself agreeable, soon became important. His insidious diligence, by which the laziness of age was gratified, soon engrossed the management of all affairs, and his warm professions of kindness petty offices of civility, and occasional intercessions, prevailed on the tenants to consider him as their friend and benefactor, to consult him in all their schemes, and to entreat his reinforcement of their representations of hard years, and his countenance to petition for a-batement of rent.

The M. T— had now banqueted on flattery, till he could no longer bear the harshness of remonstrance or the insipidity of truth. All contrariety to his own opinion shocked him like a violation of some natural right, and all recommendation of his affairs to his own inspection was dreaded by him as a summons to torture. His children were alarmed by the sudden riches of the C. V—, but their complaints were hard by their father with impatience, and their advice rejected with rage as the result of a conspiracy against his quiet, and a design to condemn him for their own advantage to groan out his last hours in perplex-

ity and drudgery. The daughters retired with tears in their eyes, but the son continued his importunities, till he found his inheritance hazarded by his obstinacy. The Clerk V— having thus triumphed over all their efforts, continued to confirm himself in authority, and increase his acquisitions, and at the death of his master purchased an estate, and bade defiance to enquiry and justice.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Printer,

If you should think, from this Specimen, that the correspondence of a friend to truth, will be agreeable to your readers, you will by a short hint hear farther from,

A Friend to Truth

TO Miss * * * * *

Livid and meagre are her looks, her eye,
In foul distorted glances turns away;
She never smiles, but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite, while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to herself distressing and distress'd,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.

Of all the diseases of the soul, if we may venture to call violent affections by that name, that of envy is the most dangerous to its competitors, the most corrosive to its possessors, and the most hated

and feared by those who have discovered the heart in which it lurks.

A rancorous tongue is the terror of society, and the poison that destroys mutual confidence, and good will among neighbours.—It is the certain attendant of an envious temper: and tho' *merit* has ever found admirers, yet she in general has found *envy* likewise lurking in the train.—Nothing can be more despaired than this affection, yet it may be doubted whether the best and most exalted minds have not been too frequently influenced by it. The most celebrated wits of all ages have complained of it, and many of them have employed their pens in satirizing it, at the very instant that they have been actuated by it.—Whoever thought himself injured more severely by envy than Mr. Pope, and yet who more subject to it? His lines on Mr. Addison, who, according to him, was the most jealous man breathing of a rival, are wrote not only in the true spirit of poetry, but with such a feeling sensibility of the injury done to himself, and of its pernicious effects to rising genius, that we should little expect to have seen a vice usurping an almost entire dominion over him who saw its consequences in so true and so striking a light.

I hope no one will think that while I am writing against *envy*, I am endeavouring to lessen the merits of this accomplished female:

such is not my intention : I only mean to make her (if she should see it) and the reader, a little suspicious of their conduct, and to shew how mean the greatest genius appears, when under the denomination of this hateful vice.— I intended to have explained its effects in social life : but as my thoughts have taken a different turn to what they were at first designed to do, I shall take another opportunity of considering the subject.

I am your constant Reader,

A. F. T. T.

The EDITOR to his PATRONS

As the fifteenth volume of the Ladies Miscellany, will close on the eighteenth day of October next, the Editor thinks proper to address a few words to his numerous patrons in this city, and elsewhere ; as well to express his thanks for the past liberal encouragement and assistance of his friends, as to inform them of the objects he has in view, with regard to his establishment in future.

It is now Eleven years, since the Ladies' Miscellany (under different titles,) first made its appearance in this city, with various success ; yet that success even at its lowest ebb, has always been sufficient to keep the paper afloat, tho' it has not at any time been so liberally patronized, as to enrich any

of its proprietors. The latter consideration, has for a time past, been the means of compelling the present Editor, in some measure to neglect the paper, more perhaps than in justice to his subscribers it ought to have been—in order that by his attention to other branches of his business, he might be enabled, to acquire that support for his family, which was denied him in his Editorial capacity, and as he cannot with propriety think of issuing a paper, which (from his other avocations) is prevented from receiving the necessary care and support it requires, the Editor has concluded to offer the establishment for SALE —At the close of the present volume.

Should the Editor, however, not meet with a purchaser to suit him, he has engaged with a Gentleman in this city, of respectable talents, to undertake the conduction of the paper to commence with the next volume.

And in case the latter arrangement should take place, the subscribers to the Miscellany may rest assured of receiving universal satisfaction. As no pains or expense will be spared in rendering it a complete vehicle of useful and entertaining knowledge ; as not only the original talents of the above mentioned Gentleman, will be bestowed upon the paper, but copious extracts will enrich its columns, from the best and most approved authors extant, and he has it in his power from a well stored

library, and an extensive correspondence, to render the Ladies' Miscellany, one of the most valuable and instructive works of the kind in the United states.

The Editor feels a consciousness, that should the paper still remain in his hands, his former patrons and the public at large, will not let him be a sufferer from the expensive arrangements he has made to usher in the subsequent volume of this work with that respect which he confidently expects it will hitherto be entitled to. Nor can he be prevailed upon to believe, that the Citizens of New-York, will permit laudable and virtuous exertions to go unrewarded, or literary merit and talents, to be treated with contempt and frigid neglect.

SAMUEL B. WHITE.
New-York 5th September 1812.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A GOOD DISPOSITION.

'Is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. Almost every object that attracts my notice, has its bright and its dark side: he that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will pour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness: while he who constantly beholds

it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, an in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.'

ANECDOTES.

THE soldiers of a certain English regiment were so addicted to plundering, that they stripped the inhabitants of the towns where they were quartered of every thing they could meet with. Some people having suffered considerably, went to demand satisfaction of the commanding officer. They severally related their complaints, and he attended to them with great patience. 'Pray,' said he, 'did they leave any thing behind them?' 'Oh! yes, please your honor, several things.' 'Then,' he replied, 'they were none of my soldiers.'

Dr. Johnson being asked, what was love? answered, 'it was the folly of a wise man and the wisdom of a fool,' and Dryden being asked the same question, replied, 'it is a subject I have felt and heard, but never yet could understand.'

A FEW years since, there was in London a young woman, who had grieved herself even to death for fear of losing her husband, who was then sick: but the good man her father did all he could to comfort her, Come, child, said he,

we are mortal: have a good heart: for, let the worst come. I have a better husband in store for you. Alas, sir, said she, why do you talk of another husband? why you might as well have stuck a dagger to my heart? No, no, if ever I think of another husband, may—

However the man died, and the woman immediately broke out into such excess of grief, that all about thought she was really beside herself, by tearing her hair, and beating her breast: but upon a second thought, she wiped her eyes, lifted them up, and cried Heaven's will be done! and then turns to her father. Pray, sir, about the other husband you were speaking of? Is he here in the house?

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, September 19, 1812.

"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times."

The City Inspector reports the death of 61 persons in this city and at Potter's Field, from the 5th to the 12th of September.

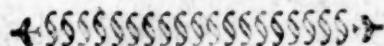
Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Richmond to another in this city dated September 6, 1812.

A few minutes since we were alarmed by five successive and very violent shocks, attended by very loud reports, which proved to be the powder mills some distance below the city, which have blown up. Fourteen lives are lost, and a grist-mill at some dis-

tance is a mere wreck. One man was saved though blown at a considerable distance.

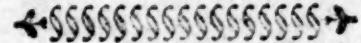
Casualty.—Drowned, on Saturday the 5th inst, Capt James Bocot, of Nantucket, in coming down the North River, with the sloop Sally—when at the entrance of the Highlands, he was accidentally knocked overboard with the main boom, in consequence of its blowing heavy, and all exertions to save him proved ineffectual. The vessel returned to Poughkeepsie, but Mr. Bocot has not yet been heard of.

The British ship Quebec, of the Jamaica fleet, has been captured by the Saratoga, captain Riker. She is at Hurl Gate, on her way down the sound, and her cargo we understand, is estimated 300 thousand dollars.



Married.

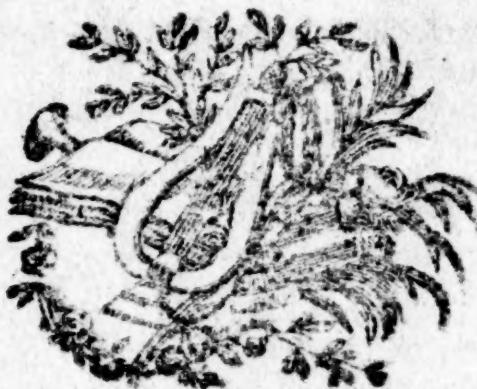
On the 14th inst. at Bridge Hampton, L. I by the rev. Doctor Worth, Mr. James Rogers merchant of this city, to Miss Mary Rose daughter of Dr. Rose, of the former place.



Died.

On Wednesday morning last, after a long and severe illness Mr. Christian Gottfried Loss, a native of Germany, but for many years a resident of the U. States.

at Charleston on Friday, 28th ult Captain Christopher Gadsden, of the U. S. brig Vixen, in the 32d year of his age, universally regretted by all who knew him.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

—————
For the Lady's Miscellany.

ACROSTIC.

Lucretia may thy tender soul approve
U nival'd beauty in the Lord of love,
C own'd with buster of his glorious face,
R eceive the proffers of his pard'ning
grace
E te nati wisdom claims thy early choice—
T ruth bids the listen to hear only voice,
I nvites thy feet to walk in virtues road,
A nd press unwearied to the blest abode

T here reigns the Saviour, King and
Lord of all;
U nnumbered millions in his presence
fall—
T une the glad harp, and sweetly rap-
tured tell
H is birth, his life, and triumph when
he fell.
I nnoble scorn refuse what reptiles share;
L et heavenly scenes engage thy early
care—
L ucretia, leave the earth and dwell for
ever there. **HORATIO**

—————
TO A RIVULET.

Gently falling murmering till
Teach my passions to be still,
Hush the cares that fill my breast,
And sooth my anxious thoughts to rest.

But fair stream to me in vain.
Thy murmurs echo through the plain,
Tho' soft and sweet, they cannot heal
The tender cares I daily feel.
While doom'd to wonder through the
Alone, and absent from my love—
Through rocks and bushes night and
day,
Steady thou persuis' thy way,
Warbling sweetly to the ear!
Of him who deigns to wander near,
Tender strains of youthful love,
Joys e'er long he hopes to prove;
Now down the hill thou seemst to stray,
Now through the thickest leadst thy way
Till thy race is run at last!
Rocks and plains and thickets past,
You form the sea at yonder shore,
And art known to us no more.
Thus down the stream of life I glide,
Rough and rapid is her tide;
Through the scenes of joy and woe,
Oward still I'm doom'd to go;
Till past this sublinary coast
In futurity I'm lost. **HORATIO**

—————
From the North Star.

IMPROVPTU.

Occasioned by a Sparrow's making re-
fuge in my chamber, at night, from
a thunder shower, when on a visit to
my friends.

Little tiny, trembling stranger,
Welcome to this friendly dome,
Perhaps like me, you are a ranger,
Without a friend—without a home.

Do lightnings flash and thunders roar,
And darkness spread its raven wing?
Those sable clouds will soon fit o'er,
The morn shall dawn, and you shall
sing.

Then wherefore throbs that tiny breast,
Why so impatient to be free?
The partner of your straw built nest,
The tempest gone, shall welcome thee.

Perhaps there is, who feels for me,
On whose fond breast I may repose,
Whose soul is made of constancy,
Whose bosom beats responsive throes.

If so, our hearts are firm ou' win'd—
My destiny is seal'd with his ;
My kind ed all, I'll leave behind.
To share his sorrow, or his bliss.

And when the 'span of life' is run,
Which God to us on earth has given,
Our eye lids clos'd—our labor done,
Our souls shall wing their flight to
Heaven.

From the *National Intelligencer*.

To the Volunteers of America.

'The sword of the Lord and Gileon.'
Soldier hear that solemn call ?
No true heart it can appal.
Honor bids you take the field—
To her dictates only yield !

Who is he so base to pause
In his country's sacred cause ?
I was not so your fathers fought,
I was not thus their sons they taught !

Hark ! your sires— Go, go my son,
Go where glory may be won,
Seek it in th' embattled plain,
Fight, nay mix the palm to gain.'

By the pride of ancient days—
By the Heroes' well won praise—
By your country's dearest right—
Soldier—Soldier—dare the fight !

By the patriots now at rest
(In their country's praises blest)

By your WASHINGTON's dread might,
Soldier—Soldier—dare the fight.

Europes tigers red with blood,
Like an overwhelming flood,
On our peaceful blissful shore,
Would the tide of ruin pour !

'Tis a common cause we try,
'Tis Honor—Fame and Liberty !
'Tis Life 'tis Home, and all things dear
God of Hosts, in mercy Hear !

See your western Brethren bleed,
British gold has done the deed ;
Child and Mother, Son and Sire
Beneath the tomahawk expire.

Soldier, Life is but a day,
Transient as the sunny ray—
Would you fill a coward's grave,
This evanescent good to save ?

Yet, 'midst battle's wild alarms,
'Midst the clatt'ring din of arms,
Let Pity move—let Mercy spare—
'Tis thy Brother meets thee there.

Nor comes he there thy foe by choice—
Listen then to Mercy's voice !
Cherish love's benignant glow,
'Midst the scenes of death and woe.

He who sees a sparrow fall,
Sees thee prompt at duty's call—
He who numbers every hair,
God of Battles' guard thee here—
'Till Victory, espousing Peace,
Shall bid contending armies cease !

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